

IRISH MECHANICS AND JOHN MITCHELL.

[We had not designed any further extended discussion of Mr. John Mitchell's fondness for slavery; but do not think proper to refuse the publication of the following letter from a highly respectable body of his countrymen.]—*Ed. Tribune.*

JOHN MITCHELL.—Sir: The subscribers to this letter were all natives of the same country as yourself; many of us heard your eloquent appeals at Belfast in favor of the Repeal of the Union with England; all admired the earnest zeal you displayed in the cause of liberty. All of us felt a deep and abiding interest in your struggle for liberty and independence, and sympathized most sincerely with you during your exile from your native country and your confinement in a distant land. We believed that you were a true-hearted and a genuine friend and advocate of the freedom of the whole human race. When we were informed that you had made your way from Australia, our hearts all fairly leaped with joy, and surely in this broad land more cordially approved the triumphant welcome accorded to you by the almost unanimous voice of the American people. We all rejoiced to believe that another true and eloquent friend to liberty, to universal freedom, was added to our number. We rejoiced in the belief that Ireland had sent abroad an apostle of universal emancipation at least as sincere, earnest and disinterested, if not so eloquent, as the noble orator of Hungary. As Irishmen we were proud of you. Ireland had sent her Montgomery and many other gallant, trustworthy men to lead, and thousands of equally gallant, though more humble men, to fight the battles of America in her struggle for liberty and independence, and we hoped that you were to be the modern and more successful Montgomery of the great effort to establish and maintain the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence. We had flattered ourselves with the hope that you were to become an active and ardent champion of the cause of these United States, which was adopted to 'establish justice' and 'promote the general welfare.' Certainly, we never dreamed that a man who had declared so earnestly against the weight of the little finger of the British government, should speak lightly, much less approvingly, of the crushing weight of American Slavery. Judge, then, of our surprise, our indignation and our grief, when we heard that you had become the apostle of American Slavery, that accursed system which converts men made in God's image into chattels, articles of merchandise. You have declared long, and well, to the exactions of the British government, and yet, Sir, permit us to say that that government has never chastised man. You, Sir, were brought up from childhood to manhood under that government; there you received an education, could read your Bible, could contract marriage with the woman of your choice, a marriage which would be sacred and inviolable in the eye of the law, could protect and educate the children of your love, free of any separation from the wife and child, undisturbed by the crack of the whip of any brutal overseer.—There no master and slave trader could chaffer and haggle about the price of the wife or the children you loved.

It is true, Ireland was oppressed by taxation and unequal laws; but the wife of your bosom, the children of your love, were secure to you. The very law which pressed so heavily upon you pecuniarily, sanctified and protected those objects dearer to every good man than all other earthly objects.

You, however, were not content with the protection there afforded you; you would agitate a repeal of the union which gave birth to such legislation, and for this agitation, we have no thought of censure.

At length, however, you reach America—the land where more than three millions of human beings are held and owned, just as cattle and horses are owned, where the marriage ties and parental relations of those unfortunate beings have not the strength of cobwebs against the will of a greedy or needy master. In Ireland, taxation leaves to the people little more than sufficient for a comfortable support of the family and the education of the children. In America, every hour of the life of the slave is at the nod and beck of his owner, and that slave may toil from childhood to old age, and not have a coat or a hat which he can call his own. Yet even this, and as it is, and worse as it is, than what you complained of and so eloquently denounced in Ireland, is by no means the darkest part of the American slave system. The unfortunate American slave, while he is wearing out, year after year, his life in daily toil, may have the wife of his affections torn from him and consigned to a speedy death in a distant cotton-field or sugar plantation; while the children of his love are annually, one after the other, sold to the slave-trader, to be scattered over the boundless sea, or to be sent to the borders of Mexico.

Yet, John Mitchell, it is for the system producing such results that you apologize; it is a plantation in Alabama, thus supplied with stout, hearty negroes, that you wish to possess!

Some persons, Mr. Mitchell, have supposed that the British government were anxious to get rid of you, and secretly connived at your escape. We shall, now, express no opinion on that subject. But certainly it would be a most deep and Machiavelian stroke of policy on the part of the British Ministry to permit you to escape and come to America, upon condition that you would become a slaveholder of American slave system. The unfortunate American slave, while he is wearing out, year after year, his life in daily toil, may have the wife of his affections torn from him and consigned to a speedy death in a distant cotton-field or sugar plantation; while the children of his love are annually, one after the other, sold to the slave-trader, to be scattered over the boundless sea, or to be sent to the borders of Mexico.

Had Kossuth been guilty of the baseness of apologizing for American Slavery, Austria would have held a jubilee over his apostasy. He would have rapidly sunk to that low level which you are fast approaching. The noble-hearted, high-souled Germans would have shaken him off with the same scorn that we now feel toward that man of whose conduct we were once so proud.

James McMaster
John Thompson
John Porter
Sam'l McElroy
Thos. Mitchell
Jos. McConnell
William Mater
Thos. A. McMaster
Finlay Torrance
Francis B. McConnell
Rob't Crothers
Joseph McMaster
Joseph Allen
John Mater
William Boston
Arthur Walker
Robert Palmer
John Duggan
James H. McClelland
James Robb
John B. Sanderson
John McGill

WANTED, A PRESENT OF SLAVERY. The free-trader, JOHN MITCHELL, it seems, advocates slavery in his New York paper. Anxious to receive a present, he wishes 'that he was owner of a plantation of negroes in Alabama.' All in good time. He has not yet got the plantation, but one of the BRECKENS (Mrs. Srow's) bestows him, in a scolding letter, supplied the 'patron' with the lash. 'That—as an inalienable element of slavery,—is something to begin with.'—*Punch, Feb. 11.*

THE CHEAT OF NON-INTERVENTION.

The pretence that the bill which has just been passed in the United States Senate, allows the inhabitants of the new territories to govern themselves, is utterly groundless. It is, in fact, simply a falsehood.

A people which governs itself chooses and frames its own laws. In the present case, it is Congress which dictates the form of government under which the inhabitants of Nebraska are to live. It is Congress which imposes the constitution upon them, and whether they are pleased with it or not, they cannot change it; the federal government does not permit them to do so. If the State of New York were obliged to receive its constitution from the federal government, without the power to alter it at pleasure, we should hardly admit that we enjoyed the privilege of governing ourselves.

A community in the exercise of self-government elects its own Governor. In the case of Nebraska, the Governor is to be appointed by the President of the United States. The people of the territory may make certain ordinances, but they cannot execute them. The President sends them a man to execute them—a man vested with the appointment of all the subordinate executive agents. If that man does not choose to carry into effect the ordinances of the territorial legislature, the people of the territory cannot compel him; he is not responsible to them; he is responsible only to the federal government.

A people which governs itself appoints, either directly or indirectly, the judges who sit in its courts and administer its laws. Its judges are not sent to it from without. But, in the present case, Mr. Douglas's bill provides that the judges shall be appointed by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate. Whatever ordinances are passed by the territorial legislature will be enforced and applied by judges who are creatures of the federal government. If the territorial legislature should pass any law prejudicial to the interests of slavery, the judges, who will represent the administration at Washington, may annul it, as contrary to the constitution.

Those who govern themselves create their own legislature. The Nebraska bill assigns a part of the legislative power to an agent of the President—to the Governor whom he shall appoint. It gives the Governor a right to send back to the territorial legislature, with his veto, any bill passed by a majority, which can only become a law by a vote of two-thirds of both houses. The course of legislation is thus obstructed by the agency of a power without the territory.

Again, no people can be said to govern itself which has not the power to prescribe what shall exercise the right of suffrage. In the territories, the practice has hitherto been to allow all the inhabitants to vote as soon as they have fixed themselves in the country, without requiring any proof of naturalization. In that way, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin were settled. Every man, whether from Ireland, England, Germany, Norway or France, was allowed a voice in the territorial elections. This was a reasonable arrangement, in a country where the inhabitants were few, and where many neighborhoods, the sole inhabitants were recently from Europe. Douglas's bill disfranchises all this class of men, and puts them on a level, so far as their political rights are concerned, with the slaves exported from Arkansas and Missouri. There will, in all probability, be settlements in Nebraska, with two or three planters from those States, and a considerable population of recent emigrants from Europe, who have not been long enough in the country to become naturalized citizens of the United States. The two or three planters will elect members to the legislature, and this class will control the legislation of the state. In this respect, the bill before Congress allows to the slave a far less share in the government of the territories than was permitted by the former laws.

What did Mr. Cass mean when he said that the passage of this bill was the triumph of squatter sovereignty? It puts the squatter of foreign birth—the Celt, the Teuton—on a level with the African. It sets at naught the rights of the white emigrant, and to Africanize Nebraska. With what face can these men talk of non-intervention by the federal government, when the federal government appoints the Executive, appoints the judiciary, and appoints agents to interfere with the legislative power? Disunion protests are frequent in these days among politicians, but the assertion that the Nebraska bill leaves the people of the territories at liberty to govern themselves and frame their own institutions, is a hoax of the grossest and most shameless character.

RESPONSE FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, who voted for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, are professed Democrats. Democracy is the government of the People by the People, and the people's element is, respect for the rights and opinions of the People. These Senators are full of lip-service in the cause of Democracy; but by their vote in the Senate, they have dishonored it. Professed devotion to the principle of Popular Sovereignty, they have violated it; and the doctrine of the rights of the People, they have trampled under foot.

The New Hampshire Legislature, as we showed the other day, at five successive annual sessions, passed resolutions, instructing their Senators to vote for the principle and policy of positive Congressional enactment against Slavery in Free Territory. These resolutions are unrepented, and yet Messrs. Norris and Williams have just voted to repeal positive Congressional enactment against Slavery in the Free Territory of Nebraska, defying and affronting the Legislature and people of their State.

Similar resolves stand on the journals of the Legislatures of Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Indiana, during the controversies of 1848 and 1850. No attempt has ever been made to repeal them—no legislative action has ever superseded them—and yet, Senators Pettit, Cass, Stuart, Brodhead, Thompson and Toucey have just voted for the abrogation of the very policy those resolutions insist upon; and the conduct of Mr. Toucey is rendered still more offensive, by the fact that recent State Conventions of both the old parties in his State have protested against the abrogation of this policy.

This is Democratic regard for the right of instruction! This is Democratic reverence for Popular Sovereignty! Ah!—there is a Power in the South, mightier with those Senators and yet more potent than the resolutions of the States they represent. It is the Political and Pecuniary Power, represented by twelve hundred millions of dollars, vested in human bones and sinews.

SELF-GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE OF A TERRITORY.

'It is too late! The day of the people has come, and the dwellers in every new Territory will have the right of self-government.'—*Ohio Statesman.*

As must be evident to all, when it is remembered that Mr. Chase obtained in the Senate but ten votes for an amendment providing that the Governor, Secretary, members of Council, and Judges of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, should be chosen by the people thereof, instead of being appointed by the President. O, yes—three cheers for the Nebraska Bill, which strips the people of the Territories of the rights of self-government! Hurra for Douglas, who voted to deny them the right to elect their own Executive officers and Judges! Who now can deny that the era of Popular Sovereignty is upon us, that the dwellers in every new Territory may elect their own officers, and will, have the right of self-government?—*Ibid.*

JUDAS—HIS PRICE PAID.

The ladies of our neighboring village of Alliance, have forwarded to Stephen A. Douglas the following letter accompanied with thirty pieces of silver—bright new three cent pieces. He has now only to go out and hang himself, and the parallel between him and his prototype will be complete.

To Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois: We the undersigned, wives, mothers and daughters of Stark Co., Ohio, feeling grateful that our boasted 'land of the free and home of the brave' is yet so free that WHITE husbands, sons and brothers can yet enjoy their own liberty, are in-

THE CLERGY AGAINST THE NEBRASKA BILL.

The Clergy of New York and its vicinity have at length spoken out against the Nebraska iniquity. The subscribed petition was signed by the most conservative and moderate of the order, all uniting with common consent against the half-finished atrocity at Washington. These signatures represent many thousands of men and women, likewise the most conservative and moderate classes of the community. Let apostates to Freedom, and those who would sacrifice Liberty to the Moloch of Slavery, read and tremble!

Signed by 103 ladies.
Alliance, March 1st, 1854.

MEMORIAL.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled: The undersigned, clergymen of various denominations in the city of New York and vicinity, desire respectfully and earnestly to remonstrate against the bill for the organization of new territories, now before Congress, allowing the introduction of Slavery into a region consecrated to freedom by the plighted faith of the nation, in long standing and irrepealable enactments, and by the divine and natural claims of religion and of liberty.

We remonstrate on the ground that the parties whose rights and interests are, and are to be affected, cannot be restored to the position of equality occupied by them respectively before the enactment solemnly established in 1820. The security for freedom then given to the one party, cannot be taken away without the grossest violation of justice, good faith, and the sacredness of a solemn pledge.

We remonstrate, because the deliberate and unnecessary extension of the evils of Slavery would be positive guilt, and, as committed by Congress, the guilt of the whole country, and not of any particular State alone; and we feel bound to protest, in the name of religion and humanity, against such legislation.

The responsibility of determining the prevailing institutions of future generations of many millions of immortal beings is inconceivably great and solemn. We remonstrate against preparing the way, or providing the means, of establishing Slavery as a part of the radical and organic life of a vast future empire in our land.

We remonstrate against such a procedure, as tending to produce alienation of feeling between different sections of our beloved country, great agitation and perilous dissension, and exposing us to the righteous judgment of Almighty God.

[Signed by Bishop Wainwright, Rev. Drs. Stephen H. Tyng, G. T. Bell, Henry Anthon, and 148 other clergymen, of various denominations.]

How far the sentiments of the North have changed in respect to dough facery it is easy to perceive.

1. The merchants of New York were the first to protest against the Nebraska bill.
2. Then the mechanics.
3. Then the clergy.

In fact, the protest is universal, except with a handful of employes of the Government, or of shabby expectants of office, who would sell not only their consciences but their souls for thirty pieces of silver. In addition to these classes, the bill is also supported by the *Journal of Commerce* and *The Herald*.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE LIBERATOR.

No Union with Slaveholders.

BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1854.

THE VOICE OF THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

More than three thousand clergymen of all denominations, resident in Massachusetts and the other New England States, have signed and forwarded a memorial to Congress against the violation of the Missouri Compromise. It is mainly and dignified, and breathes a high moral tone, which will be responded to by a vast majority of the people. We give it below:

'The undersigned—Clergymen of different religious denominations in New England—hereby, in the name of Almighty God, and in His presence, do solemnly protest against the passage of what is known as the "Nebraska bill," or any repeal or modification of existing legal prohibitions of slavery in that part of our national domain which it is proposed to organize into the territories of Nebraska and Kansas.

'We protest against it as a great moral wrong; as a breach of faith eminently injurious to the moral principles of the community, and subversive of all confidence in national engagements; as a direct and deliberate assault upon the peace and the existence of our beloved Union, and exposing us to the righteous judgments of the Almighty.

'And your protestants, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

This truly Christian remonstrance was promptly forwarded to Washington, in charge of the Rev. H. M. Dexter, of Boston, and was presented to the Senate by Hon. Edward Everett, on Tuesday last. What reception it met with—how the Billingsgate demagogue Douglas behaved—how Mr. Everett crouched and cowered like a spaniel before him—and how nobly Mr. Everett, of Texas, vindicated the petitioners and the remonstrance—will be seen by reading the following telegraphic account of the affair. Thank God for this new development of the Satanic spirit of Slavery! With renewed energy we raise the cry, "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!"

Mr. Douglas called for it to be read. He said it was not respectful to the Senate, and he desired to say a word upon it. He then, in very strong language, condemned the statements of the memorial, pronouncing them atrocious slanders, &c. He wished to call the attention of the Senate to the memorial. 'It is,' he said, 'presented to the Senate as a protest against our action, in which certainly two-thirds of the body concurred. It protests against a moral wrong, as destructive of all confidence, and as subjecting us to the righteous judgment of the Almighty. It is presented, too, by a denomination of men calling themselves preachers of the Gospel. It has been demonstrated that there is not a particle of truth in the allegations of the memorial. It has been demonstrated so clearly that there is no excuse for any man in the community who believes it any longer; yet here we find that a large body of preachers, perhaps three thousand, following the lead of a villainous demagogue, have taken upon themselves to circulate calculated to deceive and mislead the public, and to arouse a false indignation against this body, and to prostitute the sacred trust of the miserable and corrupting influence of party politics. It matters not whether they have misled the whole of the clergy of New England and taken them into this pool of dirty water. It matters not whether the misrepresentation has taken a broad scope or been confined to a few. I hold it is our duty to expose the conduct of the men who, either from ignorance or wilful false knowledge, will avail themselves of their sacred calling to arraign the conduct of Senators here in the discharge of their duties. I hold that the Senate is as capable of judging

whether our action involves moral turpitude, whether it involves a subversion of morals, whether it subjects us to the judgment of the Almighty, as are these political preachers who do not understand the question. It is evident that these men know not what they are talking about. It is evident that they ought to be rebuked and required to confine themselves to their vocation, instead of neglecting their holy religion, and violating its sacred principles, and truth and honor, by getting up a document here which is offensive, and which no gentleman can endorse without violating all the rules of courtesy, propriety and honor.' Mr. Douglas spoke much further to similar effect.

Mr. Houston defended the memorial. He saw nothing infernal or monstrous in it. Nothing that offered any indignity to the Senate. The memorialists charged that the Nebraska bill was a violation of the national faith. He had made the same charge in the debate, and had proved it. He then told the Senate that the passage of the bill would lead to excitement and agitation. It was then denied by Senators, but this memorial, signed by the 3000 ministers of the living God, was evidence that the people were deeply moved.

Mr. Mason was in favor of the right of petition, and hoped never to see the day when this bill would be denied in the Senate. But this memorial was of a character that did not entitle it to any favor from Senators. Its language was not respectful, and he moved that it be not received.

Messrs. Butler and Adams also opposed its reception.

Mr. Houston again defended it. He said that he should explain his connection with the petition. He was called from his seat, a few moments before he presented the memorial, to the door of the Senate, where he was requested by a gentleman to take charge of the memorial, and to present it to the Senate. The gentleman who had brought it was introduced to him as a most respectable gentleman of the clerical profession. That gentleman requested him to present it to the Senate. The memorial was voluminous; he called one of the Senate attendants, and told him to carry it and lay it on the Secretary's table, where it now lay. A few minutes after, he presented it as it was on the table. He had not read it at that time, nor did he read it until he did so with the Senator from Illinois. He thought this explanation of his connection with it ought to be made, as the memorial was considered offensive by the Senator from Illinois and others, to the Senate. He thought the memorial ought to be received, and that it was wrong to ascribe to its authors unworthy feelings and motives.

Mr. Pettit spoke in severe terms of the clergymen who signed the memorial, and proposed that it be referred to the Rev. Henry Slater, Chairman of the Senate, with instructions to inquire and report whether the Nebraska bill was a violation of the laws of God, and whether the Senate was in danger of provoking the judgment of Heaven by passing it. The discussion was continued by Messrs. Pettit, Houston, and Seward; the latter defending the memorialists at some length.

Mr. Badger replied to Mr. Seward, and moved to lay the subject on the table. Agreed to.

CORRECTION. The Editor of the Commonwealth, in a late number of that paper, declared that our friend Joseph Barker, in saying, in the *Liberator* of Feb. 24th, that Mr. Spooner's note to the Commonwealth had been 'rejected,' stated what was 'entirely untrue.' The mistake, however, was one which Mr. Barker very naturally fell into from the circumstances, and the casual nature of his conversation, on that point, with Mr. Spooner.

Our own reference to the subject, in the last *Liberator*, was the result of a mistake. The notice was written and intended for the *Liberator* of the week before, when it was expected the matter would be set right in the Commonwealth of the next morning. By some mishap, we did not see the Commonwealth of the next morning; and not knowing that the Editor had expressed his satisfaction of Mr. Barker's innocence of any intention to misrepresent him, we felt it right to insert the notice, by way of vindicating Mr. Barker from any such suspicion.

Mr. SUNDERLAND. We have hesitated about publishing 'A Plain Statement,' on the last page, because of its personal character; but as the complainant says he was induced to try the professional skill of Mr. Sunderland, in consequence of seeing Mr. S.'s advertisement in the *Liberator*, and as he appeals his name to his article, we have concluded to let him hear—hearing it optional with Mr. S. to take such notice of it as he may think proper through the same medium. From his own showing, the complainant has long been laboring under a desperate chronic disease, which, probably, is incurable; at any rate, he says Mr. S. prescribed for him nothing new, and recommended nothing more potent than water porridge, (better than some poisonous drug,) exacting of him mind and body, and keeping it after he had sent back the prescriptions given to him. (If very disappointed applicants for medical treatment (whether of the old or new school) should resort to our columns to record their disappointed hopes and feelings, we should not be able to find room for any thing else.

THE DEATH PENALTY. There have been two hearings before the Legislative Committee on Capital Punishment, at the State House, within a few days past. Among the speakers were Wendell Phillips, Dr. Channing, Mrs. C. S. Brown, W. L. Garrison and Rev. F. W. Holland, in favor of the abolition of the death penalty; and Dr. Lyman Beecher, and a gentleman by the name of Rice, in behalf of the gallows. The speech of Mr. Phillips, at the second hearing, on Monday afternoon last, was particularly able, and distinguished by all that fervor of spirit and force of argument which render his speeches on moral questions so effective and convincing. He clearly demonstrated that the effort in favor of the abrogation of the death penalty sprang, not from a 'morbid sympathy' for the criminal, but from the desire to afford a better safeguard to society against the crime. We should be glad to give a summary of his speech, but our columns are already crowded to overflowing.

LECTURES ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS. Mrs. C. L. H. NICHOLS, of Brattleboro, gave two lectures at the Mission in this city, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, of last week, on Woman's Rights. The first lecture was well attended—the second, owing doubtless to the very unpropitious weather, not so well. The lectures were highly interesting. The second, especially, was a very clear and convincing argument to show the indispensable necessity that Woman should claim and obtain for herself the right to vote. This was supported by an array of facts which rendered the lecturer's position impregnable. The speaker's manner was natural and modest, and at the same time earnest and spirited. Some, who came only from curiosity to know what a woman would say, declared themselves perfectly convinced of Woman's right to vote, and of the absolute necessity that she should enjoy that right. A strong wish was expressed by many that Mrs. Nichols would, at a not distant day, repeat her lectures in this city.

ANSWER TO CHARGES OF BELIEF IN MODERN REVELATIONS. &c., given before the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston, by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. NEWTON; embracing, also, a Message to the Church from its late Pastor, the Withdrawal from membership; and the subsequent Discussion before the Church. Boston: Published by A. E. Newton, 5 Washington St., and Bela Marsh, 25 Cornhill.

This is an extremely interesting, well-written and satisfactory Letter, on a subject of universal curiosity, to wit, the Spiritual Manifestations. Whatever comes from the pen of Mr. Newton is marked by rare skill in composition, decided logical ability, and a most praiseworthy spirit.

The excellent poetical effusion in our last paper, entitled 'Martyrs,' should have had the signature of our gifted correspondent 'CARIE,' of Darre.

A CLERICAL TOURIST.

THE CRUISE OF THE STEAM YACHT NORTH STAR.

Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c. By the Rev. JOHN OVERTON CHURCH, D. D., Author of the 'History of Missions,' 'Young Americans Abroad,' &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 53 Washington Street. 1854.

The building of a Steam Yacht, of large dimensions, (2000 tons burthen,) and at great cost, by Mr. VANDERBILT, to enable him to take his family, and a select number of friends, on a pleasure voyage to the principal seaports of Europe, is one of the many illustrations of American enterprise which excite the surprise and admiration of the civilized world. So far as the Yacht itself is concerned, it was, no doubt, money wisely expended; but whether the excursion justified so large an expenditure as it must have required, every reader must decide for himself.

The invited guests numbered twenty-five, a majority of whom were ladies.

Dr. Church is one of our free-and-easy clergymen, who seem to have mistaken their vocation, and to be on the very best terms with themselves, the world, and all that is therein—jovial, gaudy, facile, good-natured, epicurean, and amusingly egotistical. His book is merely a narration of the good things eaten and drunk, the honors paid and received, the places visited, the curiosities seen,—without a single moral reflection, or useful criticism, or suggestive thought, from beginning to end. It is something creditable, however, for one of his cloth, that there is no pious twaddle, no professional cant about it; still, in view of his religious position and claims, it is somewhat remarkable that, no matter where he floated, or what came under his observation, he could find nothing to elicit commiseration on the one hand, or rebuke on the other. In a single instance, or two, he indicates his anti-slavery antipathies; but only as a sectarian issue, and even that made in the feeblest and most incidental manner.

At the start, he says:—It was agreed that prayers should be attended every evening at 9 o'clock, and that grace should be said at all the meals on board ship. It affords me great pleasure to record, that nearly all the party regularly attended throughout the voyage, as well as at the Sabbath-day services, when a sermon was preached at 11 o'clock. With this important announcement as to these mechanical performances, all signs of moral or religious feeling disappear for the remainder of the voyage.

Next we have a puff to the following effect:—

'In relation to the style of living on board the steamer, I may say that, with all our knowledge of the splendid accommodations of the ship when we commenced our voyage, yet I think none of the party expected the luxurious fare with which we were provided. I hazard no contradiction from any of my messmates, when I say that, on our voyage from New York to Southampton, our table was equal to that of any hotel in America, and the desserts rivalled in richness and variety any thing that I have witnessed in the *Julia*, *Metropolitan* or *St. Nicholas*.'

Shades of the Apostles! what a theme for clerical boasting! After this, the 'grace,' and 'prayers,' and 'Sabbath-day services,' must have been extremely edifying, and highly preservative both in an unctuous and a vinous sense.

Arriving at Southampton, he remarks:—'A steam frigate came into the dock to receive a part of a regiment bound to a foreign port. The soldiers, as they marched along, looked like *fat fellows*, and many of them had their wives to embark with them.' The words we have made emphatic are the sole commentary passed upon a profession utterly opposed to the spirit of the gospel, and inherently demoralizing and brutal. 'Fine fellows,' to be 'fat for powder'!

Of the Rev. Thomas Adkins, an Independent minister in S., it is chronicled:—'He certainly was the finest looking man I saw in England, of his age; and our ladies thought him one of the most splendid men they had ever seen.' That throws the soldiers into the shade—the 'church militant' takes the palm.

The porous vanity of the Doctor is seen in particulars like the following:—'We established ourselves at St. James's Hotel, in Jernyn-street, and found good accommodations. Two or three noblemen reside in this hotel; and one, Lord Blayney, has made it his city residence for many years.' Only think of that! Gentility and the Gospel! Again:—'Having finished our business with Mr. Woodman, the prince of tailors, and for the best shoemaker in Paris, we took the train of cars for Rouen.' &c. &c. The Dr. laments that he could see the town of Cintra only at a distance, inasmuch as he desired to meet with a friend, whose society on a former voyage had given him so much pleasure—the Honorable Mr. Haddock, who represented the United States at the court of Portugal.' Again, speaking of Mr. George Peabody, the American banker in London, he says:—'Mr. P. professed Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and ladies the use of his boxes that evening at the opera, and as long as they remained in town.' At a levee, given by 'our minister at the Court of London,' we are told that 'the party was a very fashionable one,' and that 'the display of diamonds was very brilliant.' How very remarkable! And how exactly comporting with gospel simplicity! Again—the Doctor is careful to print the card of invitation which he and Mrs. C. received to the banquet which was given by the Mayor, merchants and traders of Southampton, in honor of Mr. Vanderbilt and his Yacht. This is characteristic: 'The wines were of first rate quality, the champagne and food being supplied by Mr. F. Perkins.' What next? 'Grace before meat was offered by the Rev. J. W. Wylde, (O, solemn mockery!) and then the health of the Queen was drunk most enthusiastically'—next, that of Prince Albert—and next, that of 'The present President of the United States of America,' the toast being received with 'loud and long-continued cheering.' What banal consistency or, rather, what ardent hypocrisy all round the circle! Monarchy, Aristocracy and Republicanism 'hail fellows'!

Next, we are informed that 'Mr. Vanderbilt and some of the gentlemen attended the Ascot races,' but no hint is given as to the demoralizing tendency of such races, or of such an example. Surely, they bear very little affinity to 'the Christian race.' On p. 258, the Rev. Dr. says:—'We had the good fortune (?) to reach Malta on St. Roch's day, the 16th of August, on which day the annual races occur, and were advised by Mr. Winthrop to be present. . . . The donkeys ran well under severe whipping, and the horses made fair speed. There were many priests present.' The Dr. is never given to moralizing. Whatever turns up is acceptable.

At Constantinople, he says:—'We found the town without any particular charm; but the arsenal and navy-yard, with its ships, impressed us most favorably. The navy is as fine-looking as could be desired.' Remember, the eulogist professes to be an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, and a disciple of Him who came to save men's lives, not to destroy them, and whose command it was, 'Love your enemies, and bless them that persecute you.'

At Peterhoff, he remarks:—'Just as we were talking, the band struck up a very solemn air; all hats were off instantly, and a death-like silence, for a few moments, pervaded the vast assemblage. It was the evening prayer, [unnecessary.] and is observed by the military (?) with great solemnity. I have not often observed a more devotional (?) observance than that which I was so happy as to witness on that occasion!!! How monstrous that what should have elicited the strongest Christian rebuke for its hollow and shocking incongruity, is made the occasion to bestow a religious commendation!

While at Peterhoff, he saw several fine-looking boys, from ten to fifteen years of age, who had military uniforms. 'Some of the little fellows, who had green uniforms, were made to look ridiculous by large cocked hats.' The Dr. appears to have seen nothing worth the training of 'the little fellows' for such a murderous purpose, though a distinguished British officer could once frankly say to his associates, 'Gentlemen, it must be confessed that ours is a damnable profession!'

At the Hotel des Princes, 'we were shown into a superb parlor, and immediately the waiters spread a table, and placed on it bread, butter, anchovies, caviar, claret, sherry, brandy, ice, and cakes, in variety. This excellent lunch was very reasonable, as it was now twelve o'clock, and the day intensely hot.' 'Claret, sherry and brandy, to reduce the physical temperature on a hot day! The Doctor has not, apparently, ever heard of the temperance cause; or, if he has, shows himself to be as careless to state.—'We had an excellent dinner for thirteen persons, inclusive of good claret.' At another time, 'a few of us partook of an elegant lunch, which we shall often think of with pleasure.' Again:—'Mrs. T.—and I quietly retraced our steps, and found the comfort of a good dinner, no mean restorative of wearied nature.' The Dr.'s alimentiveness is never inactive. 'The simplest fare, in the line of good eating, "thankfully received," either with or without "grace."

On visiting St. Petersburg,—

'The room containing the diamonds and regalia mentioned in our party; and on no count of the interest (?) would we have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing this unrivalled collection of treasures. Rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls—why, the room was full of them! The imperial crown placed me later than any diadem I have seen in the regalia of other kingdoms.'

And this from a moral and religious teacher, freed from democratic America and evangelized New England! What an occasion to denounce despotic avarice, and to exhibit the childish and criminal folly of hoarding up useless treasures merely to be gazed at, while the masses are suffering for daily bread! But the Dr. was delighted, not saddened, by what he saw.

He gravely records the fact, that at the shrines in the Kesan cathedral, 'old Kutuzoff performed his duties of worship, (?) before he took command of the army in 1812. This church is adorned with military trophies in great plenty.' No comment is made upon such a mockery of all that is sacred.

Next, 'we had the honor to welcome' to the quarter-deck of the North Star, 'the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the niece of the Czar, and her family, in charge of Field-marshal Tolstoy. The Dr. thinks, that, beyond all doubt, she is a decidedly Christian character; whether it was because she inquired after her little spittle of Hunkerism, Slavery and Autocracy, 'the very dear friend, good Dr. Baird, of New York,' or, as some other friend, we are not informed. 'The Duchess, at leaving,' he adds, 'begged me

HORACE GREELEY'S LECTURE ON SLAVERY.

The evening of March 9th was stormy, and the Tremont Temple was but half filled by Mr. Greeley's audience; but their fixed attention for an hour and a half, and their continued and repeated applause, showed the power of the speaker.

He remarked, by way of preface to the lecture, that he necessarily felt embarrassed in approaching this subject, by the fact that he had no specific to offer for the cure of slavery; no Morrison's pill, which, being swallowed, would forthwith remove the disease. Most political doctors had come such to offer, and to one of the plans proposed, (cutting off the diseased part,) he should not have much objection, if he knew where the sound part was, and where the line of separation should be drawn. Where the whole system was implicated in the disease, this remedy was hardly applicable.

The slaveholders show a united Southern feeling. Where was the Northern sentiment which could meet and withstand them? Unfortunately, the intelligence, moral sense and religion of the North go the wrong way. If the Christian Church alone, in the North, would cut itself loose from slavery, that abolitionism would not be so much a dream, as it now is.

Mr. Greeley's lecture contained many grand and noble thoughts, and was based rather upon a philosophical view of labor, its genuine nobleness, its natural and appropriate reward, and its present unmerited ill-repute, than upon the technically anti-slavery ground. The weakest portion of it was that in which he echoed a sophism not frequent of late among reformers, denying the name of 'law' to legal enactments that are unjust.

Before the audience retired, Dr. Lyman Beecher (who had introduced the lecturer to the audience) gave notice that a protest against the Nebraska Bill had been given by the clergy of Boston, and that an effort would be made to obtain for it the signature of every clergyman of New England. He entreated the audience to exert their influence in the same direction, and added, (as if to give a practical illustration of the truth of Mr. Greeley's comment upon the unfaithfulness of a hired ministry,) that it was to be remembered that the movement in question was, not to despoil their Southern brethren of their property, but only to prevent the extension of slavery.

The earth is full of labor. Even if the efficiency of human labor could be trebled or quadrupled by machinery, it would still be the same. Men are still ignorant that the true wealth comes from the improvement of their kind. The world is divided into two great classes, those who produce, and those who enjoy, and most of those who are able, seek to escape from the former, and to dwell permanently among the latter. This shows a dark prospect for the future, but the wisdom and goodness of God assuredly outflank, and will yet overcome, all evil.

Many customs at the North are more or less allied to slavery, though slavery is far worse than any of its minor kin. Slaveholders have many good qualities—most, however, the fruits of slavery, but of human nature—and a Southern born and bred is generally less severe and exacting than an apostate Yankee. But even the very excesses are contained within their lot, why chastise them? Why force them with whips and chains to that which they prefer?

Slavery is a compulsory force exercised upon the sensibilities, the soul, the character, as well as the labor of the slave, and this is necessarily a hard and cruel process. However true it may be that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' it is certain that many lambs die of cold and wet after shearing time. On the other hand, if any slaves have reached that last extremity of degradation, being really insensible to the evils of their lot, why do we send missionaries, with such labor and expense, to the more distant heathen?

It is little to rebel chronic wrong in law, and expect that it will not be reduced to practice. You can say nothing worse of a law than that human nature will not sink to its depth; that men will not practice so much evil as it allows. The law permits a Southern master to cheat a slave out of the price of his own body and soul; to receive from himself a part or the whole of his market value, wrought out by the patient labor of years, and then sell him to a trader for law. Remember, all the slave can earn, or possess, already, by law, belongs to the master. Of course, there can be no binding bargain between the two.

What a contrast does this form with the famous eulogy by Hooker, 'Law has its seat in the bosom of God; its meaning, of course, all that is really law.'

The great evil is the legal conferring of the power implied in slavery upon any man. No man is fit to exercise it.

What are the counteractions, the limitations, the remedies of slavery?

1st. The Church—or, more correctly speaking, the religious sentiment of the country. We must rely mainly upon this. A hired ministry more frequently impedes than forwards the work. A pro-slavery church is a false church; the best thing to be done with it is to bury it. If the present Christianity does not perceive this, we must have a better.

2d. Intelligence—chiefly expressed by the public press. Great as are the faults of the press, it agitates, and this is much better than silence. For practical effect, the next best thing to a strong anti-slavery article is a strong pro-slavery article.

3d. The political elements implicated in the question of slavery are very important. From a one-sided political point, not much is to be expected. Original, radical abolitionism has more force than this. It gives the most intense and emphatic protest against wrong, and must hasten the day of freedom. Yet even this is not the best.

4th. The South is now furnishing material aid against slavery by its agitation, and its rapacious conduct. Examples of these are—the process of slave-hunting in the North; the sending of slaves over the Free States with begging papers; the manner in which slaveholders conduct their argument, by Southern speeches and bearing in Congress, and by personal attacks on Northern members. All these show the spirit of slavery.

Though some recent events have favored slavery, it has been, and still is, steadily losing ground in the opinion of the civilized world.

Moreover, it must be unprofitable in the true and large sense. The lands of Virginia have been constantly depreciating in value, and are now held at a very low rate. But if slavery were abolished to-day, and the State laid out to the enterprise of free labor, the lands would sell at once for a greater sum than they would now bring with the added value of the slaves.

The most vigorous efforts should now be made against the Nebraska Bill; a fixing of impossible limits to slavery is the beginning of its entire destruction.

A comparison of the different degrees of efficiency against slavery, represented by Garrison, Giddings, Gerrit Smith, &c., is useless. They are all doing important service.

Perhaps Douglas will succeed for the present. 'Pride goeth before destruction.' Such enormous success of the Slave Power, foreshadowing its yet greater demands, may multiply the very impetus now needed by many before they will act. I think him who breaks the treacherous calm, and shows the hostile force in its true spirit and real proportions.

At the worst, one comfort remains. In the grave of the Missouri compromise will be buried all compromises, all concessions which make God's image a chattel. By the very success which enslaves Nebraska, the day of justice will be hastened, when all chains shall be stricken from human limbs.

Mr. Greeley's lecture seemed to be wiser than himself; for though he disclaimed the knowledge of any specific against slavery, he clearly pointed out as the sure, though slow means, successfully to oppose it, the very course which the abolitionists have always pursued, and still pursue with assured confidence of success—namely, the inoculation, by speech and the press, of true principles of civil and religious freedom among the people, beginning, of course, at the North. The very statements of the lecture, that there is no real, effective North, antagonistic to the slaveholding South, and that there is no sound part, from which the disease can be uprooted, that the intelligence, moral sense and religion of the North go the wrong way, and that agitation and public discussion are the most efficient force of slavery, all these, I say, clearly imply that the abolitionists are and have been pursuing the one really effective method of assailing slavery; namely, first to make a North, a nucleus in which true principles of freedom shall be held, and the rights of man practically ac-

knowledge, then to enlarge that area of freedom, and finally, when the sound portion shall have become clearly defined, and the line of separation obvious, to cut loose from the disease. Of course, even Garrison never dreamed of a pro-slavery North separating from a pro-slavery South on account of slavery. In Calvinistic phraseology, conviction of sin and conversion must precede reformation. In this very work, conducted in this very manner, the abolitionists have labored for twenty years. If victory is yet delayed, it is not for want of the right plan, but of the numbers requisite to carry it out.

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C. K. W.

NEBRASKA MEETING IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

BRO. GARRISON—It is with no common feelings I commence giving you and your readers an account of this movement of our citizens. I have it from reliable authority, that President Wayland of Brown University, and Rev. Samuel Wolcott, (the same who delivered the Sermon in January, 1853, before the Mass. Legislature), were the instigators of the meeting; and I need not say that both of them were opponents of the Compromise of 1850, so called. The signers of the call numbered some 1500 persons. Abolitionists and Free Soilers had little to do with the matter. Men were employed to go through the city to obtain signatures. It was a popular thing to sign such a paper, when the mass of the rich men's names were there; and men, too, almost every one of them who adopted the Baltimore Platforms and agreed to put down, if possible, the agitation in the country of the subject of slavery, and who, almost to a man, were in favor of the Compromise acts of Congress of 1850, including that accursed Fugitive Slave Law.

The preliminary meeting was held (no account of which has been published in our papers) on Saturday, March 4. At this meeting, the speakers were agreed upon and accepted, viz.: Dr. Wayland, Rev. Dr. Hall, Abraham Payne, Rev. Samuel Wolcott and John Phillips. Doct. Professor Caswell (the man who made a prayer leaning on his gun, during the Dorr war, so called) having been appointed one of a committee to draft resolutions, said he supposed the speakers ought to be confined to the subject of the Nebraska Bill now before Congress.

Abraham Payne, who has been a sort of a Free Soiler, said he had agreed to speak, but should decline if the speakers were to be confined to that matter; for if he spoke, he intended to have free speech, and expected to speak of all compromises, especially that of 1850, with the Fugitive Slave Bill.

Mr. Wolcott, and others, sustained the views of Mr. Payne, and it was finally agreed, with the understanding that the Resolutions should be on that subject alone; the old Free Soilers, who make money out of the South, and who uphold slavery propaganda to a certain extent, not being willing, on account of the Gold Eagle, Silver Dollar and Copper Cent, to embody any thing in their resolutions (which would be published) to unnecessarily offend their Southern masters. The speeches were they ever so radical, could be kept out of the papers.

The great meeting was held on Tuesday evening, 7th inst., in the Beneficent Congregational Church, one of the largest in the city, and was crowded. The spacious galleries were filled with females. At a quarter past 7 o'clock, Mr. Padeford, Chairman of a Committee to nominate officers for the meeting, read off the list, consisting of ALBERT C. GREENE, ex-Senator from this State in Congress, as President, with fifty Vice Presidents and four Secretaries. The list may be seen in all the Providence papers of the 8th inst., and they were unanimously elected.

The President, Gen. Greene, then took the chair on the platform (the pulpit having been removed) and Doct. Professor Caswell presented and read the resolutions, with a short preface of remarks, saying, 'The resolutions were confined to the Nebraska Bill, and nothing else, which was the object and design of the meeting—a protest against its passage by Congress.'

The President then arose and gave a pretty good account of the Government from its commencement, and of its various acts in relation to Slavery up to the present time. He said nothing very definite, only that he voted against the Compromise Acts of 1850.

It is believed that forty, at least, of the Vice Presidents, were men who were in favor of the Baltimore Platforms, and have done what they could to put a stop to the agitation of the subject of Slavery, and have never been known as sympathizing with the movement against Slavery.

Whether the speeches of any or all of the speakers will be published in our papers, is doubtful. Three of them, by Dr. Hall, Rev. Mr. Wolcott and Abraham Payne, were so radical Anti-Slavery as could be wished; and Doct. Wayland commenced with an argument that a man had a right to himself, and not to be the property of another, in order to be an accountable being. If any or all of the speeches are published, I will send them to you. But if not, I will give you as good a report of them as I can from my minutes. It was a great demonstration for this pro-slavery city. S. W. W.

[We have another letter from our attentive correspondent, 'S. W. W.' giving some further account of the proceedings at this highly encouraging meeting, which we are obliged to defer till next week.]—ED.

G. J. HOLYOAKE AND W. J. LINTON.

VINDICATION OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY ADDRESS OF THE ENGLISH DEMOCRATS.

LETTER TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, OF BOSTON.

DEAR SIR—For the prompt insertion of my letter, I owe you thanks. The Liberator may misjudge its friends; it may abjure those who, to the best of their judgment, seek to serve the same cause; but its columns, at least, are ever open, with a manly impartiality, to counter explanation.

In the Liberator, of September 30th, you insert a letter from Mr. W. J. Linton, who tells you that the Anti-Slavery address from the English Democrats 'has no right to its title'—that 'the signatures were nearly all obtained from among the admirers (and their personal acquaintances) of myself—that 'he knows, too, that those who signed the address without reading it, and who, having read it since, are ashamed that their names should be under it.' Further, that 'it is a lick-spittle address obtained on your side of the water.' You have since seen fit to quote language still more offensive about the address, from the same pen, which I do not pause to transcribe. We have nothing to do with the motive or spirit of your correspondent, but to show that the language is untrue, and to fulfil my pledge of vindicating the integrity of the address on public grounds, and on behalf of the 1853 persons who entrusted their signatures to us.

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G. J. HOLYOAKE AND W. J. LINTON.

The address was not mine, as I apprised you. Nor did it originate with me. My part was limited to concurring heartily in its sentiments, and to undertaking (in conjunction with others) the labor of transmitting it to its signers and finally to you. The address was sent to all classes of persons—having regard to nothing save their being friendly to Democracy and opposed to Negro Slavery. Probably not one tenth of the 1853 who signed the address are persons acquainted with Secularism, while nine-tenths of them are certainly Republican in opinion. It therefore was nine times more a Republican than a Secularian address. But we might have hesitated in sending it to you, had we supposed that the Anti-Slavery Society could adopt the unworthy suggestion of repudiating our honest indignation of Slavery, unless accompanied by testimonials of our orthodoxy.

If, sir, any did sign the address without reading it, or have since regretted signing it, the fault was their own. We took a double precaution against it. We printed the address on the same sheet that received the signatures; it was therefore impossible that any could sign the one without seeing the other; and we made it a condition that no one should be suffered to sign the address, who did not 'deliberately' accept its language, accord with its spirit, and think it a useful expression of anti-slavery opinion. If, therefore, any one signed it without reading it, he took trouble to be dishonest; and if any one assumes to be ashamed now at having put his name under it, all I can say is, his repentance seems to be unreal, as no one has yet communicated me fact to us, who would promptly have cancelled his signature.

The letter you give publicity to describes our document as a 'lick-spittle' address. I will not ask you whether this is true—I ask you whether it is possible? You were put in possession of the authorship of the address. When did you pen that wrote it lick-spittle? You have read the signatures. Have you met with one whom you can suspect as capable of attaching his name to treachery? What object could we have in view but to strengthen your hands and serve your cause? Independent in our own sphere, and remote from yours, why should we obtrude a lick-spittle address on your side the water? What motive could induce us, what end could we gain, what party could we fear? Our exonerations has, however, been spoken by one of the highest voices on the American shores, and one universally regarded here.

Mr. Horace Greeley, thoroughly capable of estimating our document, and not without personal knowledge of its signers, inserted it a second time in the New York Tribune, accompanied by these words, at once a criticism and a tribute: 'The spirit of this address is so deferential, yet so manly, so devoid of rashness or hasty censures, yet so faithful to Truth and Humanity, that we earnestly commend it to the gravest and most candid consideration. The address, as prepared and signed in England, will remain for some days open to all who choose to examine it in our Publication Office, and we urge those who are not already convinced of the fact to see for themselves, that among the names of the signers are in very deed those of the most faithful and fearless British Democrats—men who have not shrunk from peril and suffering in their efforts for the extension and securing of equal rights of all. The names signed to this address are in truth to some extent representative in their character—they stand for a class, long depressed but unbroken in spirit, and for a cause which, since its active supporters are now few and despised, finding the personal rewards of their labors in loss of employment or patronage, in prosecutions and imprisonment, is only the more certain to have commended itself to their understandings and consciences before it secured their public adhesion.'

What concerns us to notice is, that you did not feel called upon to question, disown, or resent the circumstantial imputation on our address which you published, from which it is inferred here (after waiting months in vain for your disclaimer) that you accept the imputation. Eighteen hundred persons voluntarily and collectively assure you of their sympathy, and invoke that of all American democrats on your behalf. One isolated and antagonistic pen disparages that act. You appear to believe the one and disbelieve the eighteen hundred. At such instigation you publish, without dissenting, that our address is a 'lick-spittle' address. It only remains to add, that it does not become us to offer such an address, nor you to accept it. If we are to understand that such are the sentiments of the Society of which you are President, and to whom we consigned the address, it will become us to recall it, and you to return it. We shall learn with regret what we conjecture with reluctance, that the frank testimony, the honest bare, and advised language of so many independent persons against slavery, cannot be as frankly accepted at your hands.

Objecting to our proffered sympathy, you were free to decline it, but our intentions ought at least to have saved us from being branded in the most offensive language by the instrumentality of the Liberator. To do this is to make it a penalty to offer you a cooperation. My own impression is, that your sentiments have originated in misapprehension.

Mr. Richard Moore, Chairman, and Mr. Colman Burroughs, Secretary of the Circulators of the Address in England, authorize me to include their concurrence with the statements of this letter.

Yours faithfully, and the friend of the slave of every color, GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, 147, Fleet Street, London, Feb. 17, 1854.

[These words were printed under each copy of the address sent out to correspondents—'The address expresses less indignation than a democrat must feel at negro slavery, but it aims to express that measure and circumstance of dislike which may be of real use against the evil sought to be abolished.' We also in the same way gave directions carefully to restrict the names to those who thought it useful. Not inexperienced in public petitions, we knew the abuse to which they are liable, and the suspicions by which they are assailed, and we took effectual precautions to render them unfalsified.]

LETTER FROM MR. LINTON.

BLANSTOWN, CONISTON, WINDERMERE, Feb. 22, 1854.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

MR. DEAR SIR—I have just seen a Reformer of Feb. 19, containing a letter to you from Mr. G. J. Holyoake. It is only out of respect to you, that I take any notice of it. I do not bandy words with a man, whose habits of falsehood I have publicly exposed.

It is quite probable that 'not one-tenth of the 1853, who signed the Address, are persons acquainted with Secularism'; that I take to be precisely the position of the 'Secularist' party. And I have no doubt 'nine-tenths of them are' as 'Republican in opinion' as Mr. Holyoake himself.

I adhere to the statements in my letter to you, in the Liberator of September 30.

I am, my dear Sir, Yours, most faithfully, W. J. LINTON.

[We intended to accompany the letters of Messrs. HOLYOAKE and LINTON, of England, with some remarks, but are obliged to postpone them this week. As between these gentlemen, we have no personal feelings to gratify, and do not intend to participate in any 'private griefs' that may exist between them about English affairs.]

[We shall publish, in our next number, a very able and spirited discourse on the Nebraska Bill, by CHARLES E. HODGES, Minister of the First Parish in Barre, (Mass.) from the text, 'And the king of the South shall come forth, and fight with the king of the North.'

A grand Mass Convention of the people of Ohio, opposed to the Nebraska Bill, is to be held at Columbus on the 22d inst., under the most cheering auspices.

CASE OF STEPHEN P. WEAKLY.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—From several letters which have been sent to me, enclosing donations in aid of Stephen P. Weakly of Pennsylvania, I have made the following extracts, and shall feel obliged to you, if you can make room for them in the Liberator.

Yours, truly, S. MAY, JR.

Extract of a Letter from a friend in New Bedford.

I enclose you twenty dollars for the purpose of relieving Stephen P. Weakly of the heavy load upon him. I should be glad to do more; but something must be saved for every day calls. We had to send a poor fellow away from his family on Saturday night, the same one who was sought for, a few weeks since, from Norfolk, Va. We ascertained that his master was determined to have him, and had offered a reward of as much as he would sell for, if delivered there; and that we must take care of him very soon, which has been attended to, and I think they will again have to return without him.

Letter from George R. Russell, Esq.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Feb. 23d, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I have your communication, relative to the case of Mr. Weakly, and enclose twenty dollars towards his relief. It is indeed a 'hard case,' but in keeping with the injustice and iniquity connected with the Fugitive Slave Law. How long shall a people, calling themselves free, bear these things? and will any thing arouse us to the conviction that this Republic is in reality the vile oligarchy that ever polluted the earth? I have hoped that I should live to see that infamous law repealed, and those about us heartily ashamed of their connection with it, but it would seem that the cup of our degradation is not yet full, and that the Slave Power has yet abundant insolence and insult in store for us. We may, perhaps, be regenerated through the excess of the contempt bestowed on us, but God only knows.

Respectfully and truly yours, G. R. RUSSELL.

Letter from Warren Delano, Esq.

FAIR HAVEN, Feb. 27th, 1854.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.—I received a note from you a few days ago, asking aid for one of the victims of the most ungodly oppression that the sun shines upon. The enclosed is for his benefit, or for any other purpose you may think proper.

Slavery is a hard case—crude beyond expression. We lack words to name its deformity. This sin of human slavery is, in this country, national, and about all the business attended to in Congress is to guard, defend, nourish and extend slavery. The South stand shoulder to shoulder in this cruel oppression, and the North, as a majority, say, Amen. What will the wretched partakers of this horrible sin do, when the swellings of Jordan come upon them? Their mischief shall return upon their own heads, and their violent dealing upon their own pate.

Yours respectfully, WARREN DELANO.

Letter from N. H. Whiting.

MARSHFIELD, March 5th, 1854.

FRIEND MAY—I enclose two dollars as a trifle towards the relief of Stephen P. Weakly, who, it seems, has been robbed and left destitute by the 'Peculiar Institution' of this *Miserable Republic*, for hiding the outcast, and refusing to betray the fugitive from the hell of Democratic Slavery.

It behooves the friends of freedom to see that none of their number suffers, if they can help it, in consequence of feeding the hungry and liberating the captive.

In the evil times that are coming upon us, growing out of the desperate efforts making by the Slave Power of the South, backed by the craven and mercenary North, to 'crush out' the spirit of liberty on this continent, there will, doubtless, be many similar cases to this which now so strongly appeals to our sympathies and our sense of justice. Whatever may be the result of the struggle between liberty and slavery in this age, so far as this nation and this hemisphere are concerned, if we do our duty as these cases come up before us, we shall, at any rate, learn something of the deep significance and saving influence of that maxim of Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Yours truly, N. H. WHITING.

Letter from J. P. Blanchard, Esq.

BOSTON, (4 Waterly Place), March 6th, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I have read in the Liberator the touching account of the 'Hard Case' of Mr. Weakly, judicially ruined for his Christian and humane exertions in facilitating the escape of slaves; and I wish, from a very poor purse, to add my mite (\$5) to the contributions you are receiving for his relief. The remarkable extract from the charge of Judge Couler, shows how the humanity of nature will burst through the heartlessness of law, which he felt obliged to execute; and I trust cases like this will at last arouse the people of the North to cast off the atrocious Fugitive Slave Law, and all other fetters of abominable slaveholding tyranny.

CASE OF STEPHEN P. WEAKLY.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—From several letters which have been sent to me, enclosing donations in aid of Stephen P. Weakly of Pennsylvania, I have made the following extracts, and shall feel obliged to you, if you can make room for them in the Liberator.

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In the evil times that are coming upon us, growing out of the desperate efforts making by the Slave Power

THE TRUE REFORMER.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Behold, enjoin by past and future ages,
Sublime and strong, the true reformer stands,
Through the wild battle-storm that round him rages,
Bearing deliverance to the groaning lands.
The night-clouds pile above in heavy masses,
Tinged in the east by the faint smile of dawn,
And tempests roll adown the mountain passes,
And burst infuriate o'er his white-robed form;
The poisoned darts of falsehood hurled round him,
Shot from the heavy citadels of crime,
And, clothed in light of adamant, surround him,
The giant sons of every land and time;
The martyr-fires yet smoulder where he standeth,
The hearts he crushed in blood-wet dust below;
Each lightning bolt that wingeth by expandeth
The red, rent flag of some demonic foe;
On pyramids of broken hearts upreared,
Frown side by side the altar and the throne,
While through the dark, from many a viewless prison,
Rescues the torturing lash—the dying groan;
The warriors marshal on their iron-clad legions,
The priesthood consecrate the mighty wrong,
And from earth's slave-crook, trampled, prostrate regions
Goes up the cry, "How long, O Lord! how long?"

The star moves on, though clouds, in thunderous motion,
Across its amry way rush to and fro;
And while the tempest breaks upon the ocean,
Its tidal pulses calm, untrifling flow;
So, raining splendor on his dark surrounding,
That full-orbed soul moves on, serene, sublime;
So the great oceanic waves, with every bounding,
From its great arteries pour forth living fountains.
The mighty hosts of martyred saints ascended,
Live in his life, and bless the world again;
And from his living words his own shines through;
The cloud of witnesses, in countless numbers,
Crouch around to arm him for the strife,
And cheer him, ministrant upon his slumbers,
With open visions of the inner life.
So he is strong to overcome the urgings
Which pride and luxury press again, again;
To meet the daily cross, the hourly scourings,
The dread Gethsemane of lonely pain.
So he is strong to suffer, ever making
The universal agony his own;
To overcome the penury and forsaking,
To live unfriended, and to die alone.

God's greatest miracle, unprisoned angel!
Through the poor clay who shines that radiant soul!
From lip and lip now blossoms the evangel,
The words of liberty and love that roll.
Chains part like fax before his lightning glance,
His flame-tipped spear burns through the shield of crime;
The throne and altar reel as he advances,
And morn breaks glorious through the sky of time.

The priestly pride, the lazar-house, the prison,
Yield up to light and love their new-born dead,
Earth unto universal man is given,
All hearts have gladness, and all lips have bread.
The blood-red flag of war is furled forever,
Blended in melody, the discords cease,
And the glad nations harmonize together,
Bound in the golden zone of endless peace.
In social unity the world rejoices,
And spheres on sphere, the infinite's high voices
Echo the bliss of universal man.
Who bringeth on this glorious consummation?
Who weddeth earth to heaven as to a bride?
Who wadeth high the palm of consecration?
Who poureth forth the best baptismal tide?

'Tis the REFORMER, meek and poor, and lowly,
His life all manliness, his heart all love;
'Tis the REFORMER—pure, and great, and holy,
Strong in the might descending from above.

Some noble deed wrought out with every hour,
Makes holy ground where'er his feet have trod;
Stronger than time, o'gate, or bannered power,
He moves in majesty, a man of God!

O, Earth! thy past is wreathed and consecrated
With old reformers, who have fought and bled;
They who to strife and toil and tears were fated,
They who to fiery martyrdoms were led.

O, Earth! thy living years are crowned with splendor,
By great reformers battling in the strife—
Saints of humanity, stern, yet tender,
Making the future hopeful with their life.

O, Earth! thy future ages shall be glorious,
With true reformers toiling in the van,
Till truth and love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And Earth be given to Freedom and to Man.

From the Oberlin Times and Journal.

JOHN MITCHEL.

BY JOHN CARB MILLER.

John Mitchel fled from British thrall,
And crossed the trackless waters;
A heart-warm welcome he received
From Freedom's sons and daughters.
They hailed him as the champion
All bold, and brave, and fearless,
Of those who grind and groan and starve
In poverty most cheerless.

They heard the story of his wrongs
With honest indignation,
For they supposed he sympathized
With men in every nation.

With all who struggle to be free
From lords and laws despotic:
Ah! little did they deem that he
Was only PATRIOTIC!

In Erin, tyranny was sin;
He crossed the raging billow,
And straight declares 'tis not a wrong,
Not 'e'en a peccadillo!

Let all who hate oppression now,
But cross like him the ocean,
Our word for it, some other way
'Twill little up their nation!

John Mitchel, 'tis because they're black,
You'd treat our slaves like cattle?
Just look within, for there, broodh,
You're dark as any chattel!

Would you to fatherland return,
Disguised as a stranger?
Just wear your conscience outside, man!
And then there'll be no danger!

But you have proved that black is white,
From Holy Writ and Nature;
By that same logic you may prove
A stone is a potato!

Suppose you try it if you succeed,
Your countrymen will saint you,
And on the canvas by the side
Of Paul or Peter paint you!

In swate wild Ireland, thousands now
Are dying from starvation;
God! give them bread, and free their minds
From Catholic dictation!

Reform their lives, and break the spell
Which binds their souls to whiskey;
When that is done, take wings and fly
Across the Bay of Biscay!

These all-surprising feats performed,
Then come, my Celtic neighbor,
And you may prove that wrong is right,
That most prodigious labor!

Now, Johnny, take your pen again,
And write one more epistle;
But, oh! we think your honor 'll pay
Too dearly for the whistle!

Russell, Ohio.

THE LIBERATOR.

THE BIBLE VS. LUCY STONE.

MR. EDITOR:

As one among those of your readers who earnestly believe in the Scriptures as 'the word of God,' of which it is written, 'all flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeeth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever;' or, as it is in Isaiah xl., 'the word of our God shall stand for ever;' and 'whatsoever is not according to this, it hath' (in that matter) no light in it; and according to which we shall one day be tried, and acquitted or condemned. I trust you will permit me a few remarks on Miss Lucy Stone's speech, in which that lady says, if the Bible contained such and such sentiments, she would heartily believe behind her, and appeal to her own heart. Sir, here is indeed the point at issue—is the Bible intended by God, has he so written it, so preserved it, guarded it, that it is to be our supreme reference in all matters of morality and religion—what it condemns, we must condemn, what it sanctions, we must approve, and wherein it is silent, our conclusions must accord with what is written? Allow me to say, that I think the deniers of this doctrine handle the subject very deservingly, sophistically and dangerously. They assume, as the basis of their argument, what we positively deny; or, in technical language, they begin by begging the question. They suppose the Scriptures may contain things abhorrent to God and his truth. This is the very point at issue, and which we unhesitatingly deny. Then, on this false position, they raise their consequently false and dangerous inductions, viz.: that it is their duty to turn aside from Scripture as the supreme arbiter of right and wrong.

Then, Miss S. cannot do as she says she would, viz.: lay the Bible behind her, reverently, and appeal to her own heart. As well might she say, were she Queen of England, and the ambassador from the United States presented himself before her with his credentials, 'I shall lay them aside, very respectfully, and conduct myself according to my own views.' There is no respect, but contempt, in this act; there is no reverence, but insult, in the other.

The Bible claims to be 'the word of God.' If it is, then to its decisions we must submit our hearts, minds, will and judgment: if it is not, it must be laid aside, not reverently, but most indignantly, as a blasphemous impostor, speaking in the name of God, and as the very word of God, when God has not sent it, and its words are not 'the word of God;' and man is then left to his own corrupt heart, shattered mind, depraved will and warped judgment, to determine him through life. And what if the appeal to one's own heart should be found at last a supreme folly, and that the word of God is true, which declares that 'the heart of man is by nature deceitful above all things: who can know it?' Only he that is 'greater than our heart;' and consequently, 'he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool;' and hence the great necessity—'A new heart will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you.'

The fair way of putting the question is, 'Are the claims of the Bible to supreme authority in morals and religion, as "the word of God," substantiated?' If they are not, even so 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein,' then it is superfluous to walk thereby. Then, when submitted to the unimpaired knife of those who in these matters of infinite moment invest themselves with supreme authority to determine the right and the wrong, irrespective of a revelation from Heaven, how much of the Bible would be left? 'Holding fast the faithful word' must be cut out—'We have no faithful word,' 'Preach the word,' 'receive the ungrafted word, which is able to save the soul,'—no such thing; cut it out! 'If any obey not the word,'—'We have a more sure word of prophecy, (or instruction, I Cor. 14:35,) unto which ye do well that ye take heed, as unto light shining in a dark place'—all a mistake; we have no sure word at all. 'Ye have not His word abiding in you;' no, neither are we seeking it. 'My heart standeth in awe of Thy word,' said David; 'cure do not,' say these. 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple;' 'but not to me; I am above it.' 'Thou through Thy word hast made me wiser than the ancients; Thou through Thy word hast made me wiser than my enemies; Thou through Thy word hast made me wiser than my teachers;'—but, alas, for poor me! I have no 'word of God' to which to appeal from the ancients, from my enemies, from my teachers.

Then what saith He who was 'the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person'—'who was himself' 'the way, the truth, and the life'—He commands his disciples in prayer to his Father, because 'they have kept Thy word;' and again he prays, 'Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth.' All this, and a vast deal more of the same description, in both Testaments, must be cut out, and laid behind us, reverently; and what shall we get instead to comfort the peasant in his cot, to restrain, curb and direct the prince and potentate, and to embolden the martyr in his suffering hour? But, no! 'shall the unbeliever of man make the faith of God of no effect? God forbid!' 'Yes, let God be true, though every man a liar.' Neither is there one word in all Scripture, cautioning against a too implicit reliance on and obedience thereto; but there is condemnatory language against those who assume the high prerogative of judging it: a person doing thus and so is shown in a condemnatory light to be judging the law, and so not a doer, but a judge.

VERA CATHOLICA.

MR. GARRISON:
Having my attention directed to an advertisement in your valuable paper, over the signature of L. RAY SUNDERS, in which he claims to have discovered some new plan for the cure of disease, without drugging, and having been out of health for thirty years, and strongly desirous of obtaining relief, I was induced to call upon him, he being represented as a man of some considerable ability and honor.

Before proceeding to relate what followed, permit me to make a brief statement of my case. For thirty years, I have not seen a well day; for ten or twelve years past, I have labored in pain and distress a great portion of the time. Sometimes, it has seemed as though I must die. For the last four years, I have been able to work only five or six hours a day, and a good part of the time not able to work at all. Added to all this, I have had a family to support, being constantly apprehensive that every job of work that I took out would be my last.

These few statements will give some idea of the condition of mind and body, under the influence of which I visited Mr. Sunders.

It is now about five weeks since I called upon him, fully assured that he had something new—something that I had not tried.

In the first place, he gave me to understand that his price was twenty-five dollars for a case under treatment for three months. Before this, I had ascertained that, for one dollar, I was entitled to what he called a prescription, by which I supposed that I should be enabled to judge somewhat correctly of what I was about. Mr. S. sat down at a table, and put a string of questions to me, relative to my complaints, my manner of living, &c.; in fact, he embraced every thing internal and external about pains and aches. This tended to throw around the whole matter a veil of mystery. 'Why,' the poor victim would involuntarily exclaim, 'if I can understand the relation of these questions to my system, he surely can do me some good.' Well, after going through with this humbug, (I can call it by no better name), he went out into another room to fill out the prescription. Now, think I to myself, I shall see something of the 'elephant,' and be enabled to judge what I am about; and, furthermore, it would cost but one dollar. But I was soon undeceived; for, upon

reading the prescription, it contained not a single idea that I had not known for years—bathing, bandaging, and the like, all which I have tried to my satisfaction.

If I had stopped here, I should have come off very well. This last word of going out of the room, to fill out the prescription, had a tendency to heighten the magic effect. He now informed me that he would furnish me with the formulas for making his articles of nutrition for \$12.50, being half of the whole amount; and that if he succeeded in effecting a cure, he should expect me to pay the other half, if I should be able. This I thought fair and liberal; so I concluded to have the formulas, expecting, of course, that they would contain the great desideratum. Here, again, is a change of scene. He goes out of the room to fill out the formulas, as though it was his work, and could not be done in my presence. While he is out, I count out the money, for which it seemed to me I had literally coined my heart's blood, it had cost me so much pain. On his reappearance, I hand him the money, and take what I believe to be the equivalent for it—not stopping to examine the papers until I arrived home. But when I did so, my eyes were opened, and, lo! I found that I had got two recipes for making water porridge, milk and sugar added! Why, twelve years ago, I ascertained, from perusing a small work on medicine, published, I think, by an allopathic M. D. of Philadelphia, that, in chronic dyspepsia, water porridge was one of the best, and, in many cases, the only proper article of diet. And now I had paid twelve dollars and fifty cents for directions for making this same article! I immediately took my pen, and informed Mr. Sunders that it was nothing new to me, and that it was worthless also. As he retains the money, notwithstanding I sent him back the papers, I esteem it nothing more than simple justice for me to make a plain statement of the facts in the case; and my object in doing so is, to warn others similarly afflicted to avoid this snare. Because I think that any man who will keep money under such circumstances, is not the man whom the poor and the suffering should consult or trust on any occasion, and God knows that I can sympathize with such much heartily.

I never was so completely 'taken in and done for' in all my life, and I am now forty-nine years old.

And now, if you will give the above an insertion in your valuable paper, you will oblige

Your most humble servant, M. HIGGINS.

Reading, March 5, 1854.

A FUNERAL SERVICE.

ARLINGTON, March 3, 1854.

FRIEND GARRISON:

I have just returned from the funeral of ABRAHAM RANDALL, who departed this life on the afternoon of Wednesday last, after a lingering illness of more than two years, which he bore with a patience and fortitude such as has seldom been my lot to witness. During his protracted illness, and especially during the last few weeks of his life, his mind was in a peculiarly tranquil state, believing, as he did, that our future life was affected more by a pure life in this world, and by doing good to our fellow-creatures, than by being united to a sectarian church, and bowing down to a creed; consequently, he was a firm friend of the anti-slavery cause and every other good cause.

The funeral service was conducted by Henry C. Wright, in the presence of a large collection of relatives and neighbors, who had assembled, notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather. A hymn, commencing with the words, 'How blest is our brother-departed,' was, at the request of the aged mother of our deceased friend, read by Mr. Wright; after which, he addressed the relatives and friends for nearly an hour, on the occasion which had called them together. Although his remarks were far different from those usually made on similar occasions, and new indeed to many of his hearers, yet they were listened to with marked interest, and I doubt not will have a favorable effect, especially as they were of a nature to teach men to live as well as to die.

He commenced by saying it was usual, on such occasions, to speak of the virtues of the deceased, and to warn all of the importance of preparing for death. He said he came not to perform such service; he did not wish to exhort men to prepare to die—but to prepare to live. He spoke of those natural and immutable laws of our being which must be obeyed; and took occasion to call the attention of those present to the importance of understanding those laws; which they must do, or suffer the consequences of their violation; which consequences were as sure to follow as night is to follow day. He spoke of the death of our friend as being in violation of Nature's laws—said it was not intended by our Heavenly Father that the child should precede the parent to the grave; but, on the contrary, should live to smooth the pathway of their declining years, and conduct their mortal remains to the silent tomb.

He spoke of the prevalence in this community of that dire disease (consumption) of which the deceased died; a disease so frequent among us, owing, in a great measure, to the occupations of the inhabitants, being confined in close and ill-ventilated shops, and breathing impure air, as among the causes which induced the disease, and called the attention of parents and others to the importance of considering well their relations to their children and friends, and the responsibility which attaches to them, if they transmit diseased bodies and impure minds to their descendants. He also spoke of the importance of eradicating tendencies to any particular disease from the system when young; and urged the wife of the deceased to look well to the manner in which she reared her little daughter, that she might be a source and support to her in her declining years; if she was pre-disposed to the malady of which her father died, to see to it now, before the seeds sown shall have taken so deep root as to cause her premature decay. All of his remarks on these points were very appropriate, and showed conclusively to every candid mind, I think, the importance of observing the laws of our being, and not charging God as the direct author of all our trials, sicknesses and premature deaths; but that we are all subject to the unchanging laws of nature which God has established; which, if mankind would obey, they would live to a good old age, when death would be robbed of its terrors, and they would go down to the grave like a shock of corn, fully ripe in its season.

He alluded to the exhortation usually given to mourning friends, to be reconciled; and remarked that he would not urge them to be reconciled; they ought not to be, as it is not God who afflicts us, but ourselves.

He closed his remarks by giving his belief as to the present state or condition of the spirit which so recently inhabited the body that lay before us. He said he believed that it was free from pain, that it might be present, although invisible; yes, said he, I believe Mr. Randall is here now, giving consolation to the companion who shared a portion of life's pilgrimage with him, consoling his aged mother, that grief might not break her heart.

Mr. Wright said that he knew not when to step, when speaking on these momentous subjects; it was difficult to bring his remarks to a close; but having occupied much more time than is usual on such an occasion, he would conclude, requesting all to consider well their own duties and their own responsibilities.

E. SPRAGUE.

MR. BARKER'S LECTURES.

DEAR SIR—Some one in THE LIBERATOR of March 3d deems it necessary to give some strictures on Mr. Barker's treatment of the Bible. Now, as far as I have personal criticism for Dr. Berg or Mr. Barker, I have no care for his letter. But I do protest, that I see no more dishonesty in bending the Bible to support slavery than in bending it to support freedom. I wish it to bear its own straight-forward testimony, and then let us judge it.

I also wish to remark, that Mr. Daniel Mann may take when he says that Paul tells slaves, if they may

be free, use it rather. He tells them the advantages of submission, and tells them, even if they may be free, nevertheless, they had better make use of slavery. This reading is sanctioned by the best critics from the time of Calvin; and any other translation of the original is by a process of forcing. This I am ready to make good.

But how is it that, whilst this Herculean task is going on of defending the Bible against the charge of slavery-sanction, Mr. Mann and others do not show that the Old and New Testament worthies were anti-slavery in any positive sense. Edward Everett, I suppose, would not write anything to sanction slavery; and if that is all Mr. Mann requires of Paul, Paul will suit him, perhaps,—at any rate, John will. I should rather suppose that we should require of a Book-Conscience that it should be sensitive to wickedness, and should be overwhelming in its testimony against slavery and other evils. But here it is a nice critical question, whether it sanctions evil or does not,—any decided testimony against it being out of debate. Remember that slavery always was in the world.

I know nothing about Mr. Barker, or Mr. Berg, or Mr. Mann; but I have studied the Bible too long to hope that, as a book for the salvation of the world, it will be of any value when received as a divine revelation.

Yours, &c. M.

THOMAS PAINE AND HIS TRADUCERS.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

Extracts from a work, just published by BELA MARSH, 21 Cornhill, entitled 'The Philosophy of Creation: unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World.' By THOMAS PAINE, through the hand of HORACE G. WOOD, M.D. &c.

I have passed the valley of the shadow of death, and I am passing to meet my Maker. I have seen something in relation to that point of life which is so generally dreaded. When the physical energies become attenuated by age, or disease, the soul struggles to cast off its fetters, and death ensues. Under different circumstances, the pangs of death differ; but upon physical dissolution, commonly, there is but slight pain—the most severe pain precedes the falling off of the pulse. When the blood ceases to act forcibly, the heart lessens its beats, and so weak becomes the state of the system, that the lamp of life goes out as sweetly as one would, after severe exhaustion, fall into the arms of refreshing sleep. The pain, when one dies from disease of an exhausting character, is seldom really intense; but when one is stricken down by an accidental hand, in the full vigor of life, health and strength, the pain is very severe. The spirit commences its departure from the body as soon as the heart ceases its beatings, and the blood its ebullition.

Usually, upon the death of a man, the spirit seats itself upon the system, the spirit is given the power of perceiving its guardians, who are continually hovering about it, to cheer its entrance into the spirit land. This perception of guardians, with me, and, in fact, with nearly all who have died, was given some few moments after my physical powers had been completely severed. A brilliant light shone upon the soul—it felt sitting about it, ethereal beings, familiar in countenance, &c., and heard confused voices, whisperings and angelic music, such as the human ear has not yet been blessed with. It becomes confused and overwhelmed with the scene, and deems the whole a dream; but in a short space of time, the reality is revealed upon its vision. Angel friends flock around it to greet its arrival to its new home, and the happy spirit-confidently and joyfully embraces old friends and kindred, and thanks God that it is free from the miserable existence of earth. It finds itself in possession of new powers. Instead of perceiving things through the gross organs of the body, it finds itself intuitively perceiving them. Instead of desiring to re-join the pleasures of earth, it loathes them, and wonders that it could ever have enjoyed its delights. It is conducted through the blissful regions by its guardians and friends, and by affinity is enabled to choose its circle of associates and friends. When located, the spirit commences the work of progression.

I wish, in this place, to correct a few erroneous impressions that have been commonly entertained, and frequently honestly entertained, in reference to my own death. When I was upon earth, I was well known to the world as Thomas Paine, or, in common parlance, as 'Tom Paine'; and by my various writings upon theological subjects, that were considerable obstacles in the way, gained the entire disapprobation of the so-called Christians. When on earth, my name was associated with every thing evil, and used as a sort of accompaniment with the word devil. Children, by their pious parents, were taught to regard me as a sort of 'devil incarnate,' and at the mention of my name, would hug closely to their mother's knees, and, reposing their little heads upon her lap, would hardly dare breathe, lest Tom Paine and the devil should happen along, and take them to infernal regions. This superstitious fear impressed the minds of these children with such holy horror of me, that time cannot eradicate it; and hence, at this day, the most foul and scandalous improprieties that the human mind can conceive, are heaped upon my memory, and my grave is regarded as the gateway to hell.

Unable to attack successfully my writings, honest (if priests and hymen have attacked, and still do attack), me personally. Various works are concocted, concocted by foul-mouthed villains, entitled, 'Life of Thomas Paine,' which are as destitute of truth as they might be expected to be, coming from the authors that claim to have had the 'possession' of the 'holy' in which I died. It is said I desired a priest to be called in, that I might be prayed for, and find favor in the sight of God; that I denounced my writings, &c. &c., to infinity.

I row take occasion to pronounce these assertions and records as unfounded and maliciously false. I did not desire to be prayed for, and I did not denounce my writings, &c. &c., to infinity. I felt supported and sustained in my dying hour by a consciousness that my life had not been in vain, and that I had lived and acted as an honest man should. I was too independent, too reckless of the favor of the world, to purchase it by being a hypocrite. When I believed, I would speak, and no mortal could prevent it. I believed the world to be in error, as I still do. I fought those errors, and I still intend to fight them, and may be able to throw some truths before the world, that will give an impetus to religious inquiry.

Be not afraid of death—it is but a pleasant transit from things of earth to a blissful life in which the soul is chained, to take up a higher and better life. Let the chief efforts of your earthly life be to attain intellectual and moral worth, and death will bring no terrors, the grave gain no victory.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE NEW YORK TABERNACLE.

[Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.]

NEW YORK, March 8th, 1854.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON delivered a lecture in the Broadway Tabernacle last evening, upon Slavery. One has a curiosity to hear what such a man has to say upon such a subject, and how he says it. He was not disappointed. He was beaten to and fro over and over again, but which yet summons new voices to the chorus of the battle-cry, and new assailants to the field. All grades of verbal warriors now try their strength upon it. The musketry of the newly-fledged Congressmen and the cannonade of the Massachusetts Senator have just been leveled against its front. Wendell Phillips pierces with the delicate rapier of his silvery eloquence, Garrison slashes at it with the best battle-axe of fervid denunciation. Theodore Parker strikes at its heart with the crooked, poisoned dagger of his bitter sarcasm. Now and then we hear a pistol-shot from one of the foreign allies who have ceaselessly harassed the enemy's flanks. From the top come the tiny, barbed arrows, like unto those wherewith the Philistines wounded the great Goliath—that sting like insects, and rattle the giant's temple. And now appears once more in the battle-field the great warrior, he, who, like Fine-Back

in the fairy tale, lies upon the greenward and listens to the motion of each blade of grass, to the blossoming of flowers, hears the green leaves opening to the sunshine and the whole harmony of Nature's song, and then tells us—but not often in a language which all men comprehend—what he has heard the grass, and flowers, and green leaves say. His weapon is the glittering sword, rather than the battle-axe, or broadsword, or other implement of war. So the battle continues, and will continue to the end—the time of whose coming no man knows.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson stood up in the Tabernacle last night, one could have heard a pin drop. He had entered the hall with that shy, shrinking manner that made Frederick Bremer think him an animated icicle, and looking very much like an elderly divinity student making his debut, or a frightened country clergyman in a great city church. A man behind me said, 'I don't expect much of him! But when he began to speak, and his voice, rich and musical to the ultimate degree, broke the silence with those well-compacted sentences, the vast audience was hushed into a close attention that was the best proof of their interest in the man, and his speech. Of applause there was little, except toward the close; but every eye was on the speaker, and no word fell upon inattentive ears.

It is useless to attempt to report what Emerson said. The types will not give his look or the tone of his voice, any more than the pencil will paint the rippling of a brooklet, or the odor of a flower. And therefore there is the same difference between hearing his spoken words, and reading them in the printed sheet, as exists between the dewy, fragrant landscape, with its singing birds, and hum of bees, and waving grain, seen from a breezy hillside, and the faint counterpart of its beauty, upon the artist's canvass. The outward form and outline are there, but not the summer air, nor the murmuring sounds that are borne upon the breeze. And in like manner, losing the fascination of the glance of his clear eye, of his voice, of his powerful utterance,—half sternness, half tenderness,—of that indescribable influence which surrounds the bodily presence of all men, and which the Swedenborgians happily call one's sphere, we lose half the charm of his spoken efforts. Frederick Bremer inaptly compares Emerson to the Sphinx. He is rather like that statue of Memphis, from which the sphinx intervals so strange a manner. Yet it is perhaps better to say that even to those who do not sympathize with his peculiar views, the close of his discourse is like the ending of one of Beethoven's Symphonies. Though here and there, the hidden sense has been obscure to our dull perceptions, or our ears, yet the strains of music float in our delighted senses with too sweet a tone to sanction a word of censure. We hear in our memories only the grand harmony that has enchanted us—gladly forgetting 'the discord and the straining.'

Mr. Emerson told his hearers that he did not like to speak in public, and that he had great questions of the day. Only when those questions seemed to reach the closets of students and scholars, to which his habitual view is confined, did he leave his peculiar track. Yet that class of students in some sort comprises all mankind; comprises every man that is the best hours of his life; and in these days, in our own land, not only students, but actors, for who are the readers and thinkers of 1854? Look into the moving train, which from every suburb, carries the workman to his toil, and the merchant to his counting-room. With them enters the small newsboy,—the humble priest of philosophy, and literature, and religion, and science, and his magical sheets. Then instantly a entire regular assembly, fresh from their breakfast, are bending as one man for the second breakfast.

Soon Mr. Emerson began to speak of Webster; growing more animated in his manner, and slowly moving his clenched hand to and fro. He said that in regard to the matter of the Fugitive Slave Law, he should not confound him with vulgar politicians of his time or since. There are always those who are base enough, and mean enough, to calculate upon the ignorance of the masses. That is their quarry and their farm. The low can best win the low, and all men like to be made much of. There are men, too, who have power and position, and are not to be despised. They are the great ones of the day. Not such a man was Daniel Webster. Though he knew very well, when necessary, how to present his personal claims, yet in his argument he generally kept his fact bare of personality; so that his splendid wrath, when his eyes became lamps, was the wrath of the cause he stood for. His power, like that of the Greek masters, was not in excellent parts, but total. He had a great and everywhere equal propriety. He worked with that closeness of adhesion which a joiner uses; and had the same quiet fitness of place that an oak or a mountain might have. The great show their power in nothing more than in their quietude, and in their lead us. In perilous times, men look for some great captain, under the shadow of whose name, inferior men may shelter themselves. He is responsible, and they will not be. It will always suffice to say, 'I will follow him.'

From this line of remark, Mr. Emerson passed to a consideration of the Fugitive Slave Law, of the 7th of March, saying that no one doubted, that, with regard to the cause of the South, many good and plausible things might be said. But the great question then, was not a question of ingenuity, nor of syllogisms,—but of sides. All know where he was found. How came he there? The great question which history will ask in the future, is this: In the conflict of forces, when he was forced by the preponderance of closing armies to take sides, did he take the side of great principles, of humanity, of justice, or the side of abuse, oppression and chaos? We are told that he left as a legacy to the State of Massachusetts, his speech of the 7th of March, with its motto, 'Veni gratia'—true things instead of pleasant ones; a motto which is praised as the most felicitous of all. Surely, that speech is a ghastly result of all those years of experience. It was like that dolorous lament, falsely attributed to Brutus, 'Virtue! I have followed thee through life; but now I find thee a shadow!'

Then Mr. Emerson discoursed, for a time, upon the Fugitive Slave Law, in a manner which would have made a Southerner's hair to stand on end with indignation; and so went on to say, that, in our instruction as a nation, we have not got beyond the simplest lesson. Events of the kind of men are engaged, and the result is all of those first commandments which are given in the nursery. The events of this very month are teaching one thing plain and clear—that papers are of no use, resolutions of public meetings, platforms of conventions, laws, constitutions, are of use no more. They are all as paper, and as the moment; and are passed with less levity, and on grounds much less honorable, than ordinary business transactions in the street. You relied upon the Missouri Compromise—that is ridden over the top of the equator and territories of the Slave States. And now you relied on those dismal guarantees infamous made in 1850; and before the body of Webster is yet crumpled—the eternal monument of his fame and the common Union is gone. These things show that no forms—no constitutions, nor laws, nor covenants—are of any use of themselves. The virtue testifies to the truth in them all. The only hope is in the life itself of a man.

After saying much about the folly of trusting implicitly to the opinions and authority of others, the speaker came to the conclusion of the whole matter, and it was this: That patience and the efforts of good men will at last bring the law of nature to its proper place, and that it can rid itself of every wrong. It is the stern edict of progress, that liberty shall be no hasty fruit, but that event on event, age on age, shall cast itself into the opposite scale; and not until liberty has accumulated weight enough to preponderate against these, shall the counterpoise come. The virtuous shall give slavery with the principles upon which the world is built, guarantees its downfall. But while we own that the patience it requires to wait is almost too sublime for mortals, and one sees how fast the rot spreads, I think we demand of superior men of the country, that they shall be superior in this: that the mind and virtue of the country shall give their verdict in their day, and help to pull the nuisance down. Liberty is the crusade of all brave and conscientious men—the epic poetry, the new religion, the chivalry of all gentlemen. Now, at last, we are disencumbered, and have no more false hopes. I respect the Anti-Slavery cause. It is the Cassandra that has foretold all that has befallen us; fact after fact, years ago, foretold it all, and no man took it to heart. It seemed, as the Turks say, 'Fate makes that a man should not believe his own eyes.' But the Fugitive Law did much to

angle the eyes of men, and now the Nebraska bill leaves us staring. The Anti-Slavery Society will add many members to its ranks. The whole population of the Free States will join it. But it is not, at last, the Slave States will join it. I do not think that sooner or later, when it pleases God, and the end of our unbelief—have come, and that there is a Divine Providence in the world, which will not save us but through our own cooperation